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Captain Jack	
1	Hey, there Captain Jack Meet me down by the railroad track With that rifle in my hand I'm gonna be a shootin' man A shootin' man The best I can For Uncle Sam
2	Hey, there Captain Jack Meet me down by the railroad track With that knife in my hand I'm gonna be a cuttin' man A cuttin' man A shootin' man The best I can For Uncle Sam
3	Hey, there Captain Jack Meet me down by the railroad track With that grenade in my hand I'm gonna be a killin' man A killin' man A cuttin' man A shootin' man The best I can For Uncle Sam
4	Hey, there Captain Jack Meet me down by the railroad track With that bottle in my hand I'm gonna be a drinkin' man A drinkin' man A killin' man A cuttin' man A shootin' man The best I can For Uncle Sam
5	Hey, there Captain Jack Meet me down by the railroad track With that textbook in my hand I'm gonna be a studyin' man A studyin' man A drinkin' man A killin' man A cuttin' man A shootin' man The best I can For Uncle Sam

Blood on the Risers			
To the tune of 'Glory, Glory, Alleluia'			
Chorus	Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die, Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die, Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die, He ain't gonna jump no more!		
1	<p>He was just a rookie trooper and he surely shook with fright, He checked all his equipment and made sure his pack was tight; He had to sit and listen to those awful engines roar, "You ain't gonna jump no more!"</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>	2	<p>"Is everybody happy?" cried the Sergeant looking up, Our Hero feebly answered "Yes," and then they stood him up; He jumped into the icy blast, his static line unhooked, And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>
3	<p>He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock, He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the awful drop, The silk from his reserves spilled out, and wrapped around his legs, And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>	4	<p>The risers swung around his neck, connectors cracked his dome, Suspension lines were tied in knots around his skinny bones; The canopy became his shroud; he hurtled to the ground. And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>
5	<p>The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind, He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind; He thought about the medic corps, and wondered what they'd find, And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>	6	<p>The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild, The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their sleeves and smiled, For it had been a week or more since last a 'Chute had failed, And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>
7	<p>He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLAT", his blood went spurting high; His comrades, they were heard to</p>	8	<p>There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the chute, Intestines were a-dangling from his paratroopers suit,</p>

<p>say "A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE!" He lay there, rolling 'round in the welter of his gore, And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p>	<p>He was a mess, they picked him up, and poured him from his boots, And he ain't gonna jump no more.</p> <p>(CHORUS)</p> <p><i>Note: this verse is sung slowly and solemnly; about half the speed of the other verses - this speed remains for the CHORUS</i></p>
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Old King Cole (original)			
Chorus		Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry ol' soul was he, He called for his wife in the middle of the night...	
1	... and he called for his fiddlers three Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle And a very fine fiddle had he Fiddle fiddle dee fiddle dee said the fiddlers What merry ol' men are we? There's none as fair as can compare With the RAF ATC/RAF CCF	2	... and he called for his tailors three Now every tailor had a very fine needle And a very fine needle had he Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailor Fiddle fiddle dee fiddle dee said the fiddlers What merry ol' men are we? There's none as fair as can compare With the RAF ATC/RAF CCF
3	... and he called for his bakers three Now every baker had a very fine stove And a very fine stove had he Bake a loaf of bread, loaf of bred said the baker Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailor Fiddle fiddle dee fiddle dee said the fiddlers What merry ol' men are we? There's none as fair as can compare With the RAF ATC/RAF CCF	4	... and he called for his jugglers three Now every juggler had a very fine ball And a very fine ball had he Throw it in the air, in the air said the juggler Bake a loaf of bread, loaf of bred said the baker Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailor Fiddle fiddle dee fiddle dee said the fiddlers What merry ol' men are we? There's none as fair as can compare With the RAF ATC/RAF CCF

Old King Cole (military)			
Chorus		Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry ol' soul was he. He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl...	
1	... and he called for his privates three. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry	2	... and he called for his corporals three. "Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry
3	... and he called for his sergeants three. "Drill drill drill drill drill " cried the sergeants. "Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry	4	... and he called for his looies three. * "Who's gonna read my map?" said the looie "Drill drill drill drill drill " cried the sergeants. "Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry
5	... and he called for his captains three. "Who's gunna shine my shoes?" said the captains "Who's gonna read my map?" said the looies "Drill drill drill drill drill " cried the sergeants. "Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals.	6	... and he called for his majors three. "Who's gunna drive my jeep?" said the majors "Who's gunna shine my shoes?" said the captains "Who's gonna read my map?" said the looies "Drill drill drill drill drill " cried the sergeants.

<p>Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry</p>	<p>"Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry</p>
<p>... and he called for his colonels three. "Who's gunna mow my lawn?" asked the colonels "Who's gunna drive my jeep?" said the majors "Who's gunna shine my shoes?" said the captains "Who's gonna read my map?" said the looies "Drill drill drill drill drill " cried the sergeants. "Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry</p>	<p>... and he called for his generals three. "Who's gunna walk my dog?" asked the generals "Who's gunna mow my lawn?" asked the colonels "Who's gunna drive my jeep?" said the majors "Who's gunna shine my shoes?" said the captains "Who's gonna read my map?" said the looies "Drill drill drill drill drill " cried the sergeants. "Where's my three day pass?" cried the corporals. Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! Beer! cried the privates. What brave ol' men are we? There's none so fair as can compare to the airbourne infantry</p>

* Looie = Lieutenant

I Don't Know...

1	<p>I don't know, but I've been told Air Force wings are made of gold</p> <p>Sound off (leader) (1,2) (marching body) Sound off (leader) (3,4) (marching body) Sound off (leader) (1,2,3,4 - 1,2... 3,4) (marching body)</p>	2	<p>I don't know, but its been said Navy wings are made of lead</p> <p>Sound off (leader) (1,2) (marching body) Sound off (leader) (3,4) (marching body) Sound off (leader) (1,2,3,4 - 1,2... 3,4) (marching body)</p>
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